

Exclusive this issue:

- Doug Martin's diary
- Mother Teresa unplugged

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The Omen

Volume 10, Number 3
October 31, 1997

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"I was thinking about putting it in 'The Forward,' but then I decided, gee, I'd like people to actually read it."

— Overheard at Omen staff meeting



Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say**. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Jenifer Howk** (E-211, box 312) or **Jordan Strauss** (J-309, box 1007). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to **Mat Lauritsen** (J-304). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to **be heard?**

Thanks to the Boston Globe for the Harvard photos this issue, and to Aemily Reshen for donating the cover ... art.

Shake and bake EDITORIAL

by Jordan Strauss

I have nothing special to write about this week, so here are some news briefs.

• Community Council

Big shake-up last week: Council chair Rebecca Saunders and at-large member Ted Helm both stepped down due to workload. Jenny Donovan and Peter Lull were elected co-chairs, and I am serving out the remainder of the semester as Secretary. Noah Keteyian and Alissa Rowinsky (both alternates) are on for the rest of the semester as at-large members. Not much going on, other than that. Talks about renewing the ACC contract are in progress, and if anyone is interested in getting involved, talk to Gai Carpenter or Jule Zuccotti, or call me at X4666.

• Halloween

A bunch of crazy people acted stupid, vandalized campus, broke stuff, and were really lame. Grow up.

• The Omen

Cat's column "Feminism Makes it Hard to get Laid" is

on hiatus this issue, as is "In Bed With." Both will be back next issue.

• World

Saddam's up to no good again. Chelsea is happy at Stanford. Bill Clinton recently became the first President to address a gay rights group. He very diplomatically said nothing.

• Other

Here's a recipe for a really killer chicken jerk salad:

1 1/2 pound boneless, skinless chicken breasts, sliced into 3-inch strips
2 tablespoons fresh lime juice
1 tablespoon olive oil
2 tablespoons water
1 tablespoon jerk seasoning (available in the spice section of your supermarket or in gourmet cooking stores)
2 teaspoons brown sugar
1 medium red bell pepper, julienned
1 medium green bell pepper,

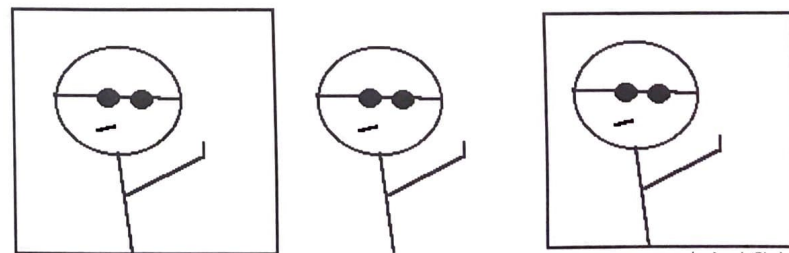
julienned

1/2 cup diced red onion
1 large carrot, thinly sliced
1/4 cup mango chutney
Fresh ground pepper
Dash salt (optional)
Green leaf lettuce

Combine the chicken strips, lime juice, olive oil, water, jerk seasoning, and brown sugar in a medium bowl. Let the chicken marinate in the refrigerator for at least 2 hours. Grill or broil the chicken strips 6 inches from the heat source, or until the chicken turns opaque. Toss together the bell peppers, onion, carrot, mango chutney, salt and pepper in a serving bowl. Place lettuce on individual salad plates. Mound the vegetable mixture on each lettuce-lined plate, top with chicken strips, and serve. Yield: 6 servings (thanks to FoodTV & Robyn Webb)

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THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY, THE GUY WHO FLIPS YOU OFF!



by Jacob Chabot

Hampshire Campus Police Log: 10/21 - 11/3

HARASSMENT

- Oct. 21, 6:03 a.m.: Enfield student reported harassing phone call.
- Oct. 21, 6:10 a.m.: Enfield student reported harassing phone call.
- Oct. 21, 7:55 p.m.: Disturbance-RCC, student reported receiving unwanted attention.
- Oct. 22, 2:49 a.m.: Enfield student reported harassing phone call.

LARCENY

- Oct. 21, 1:30 p.m.: Merrill student reported theft of locked bike.
- Oct. 29, 10:25 a.m.: Attempted breaking and entering, Prescott student's door damaged.

UNWANTED PERSONS

- Oct. 27, 1:42 a.m.: Suspicious person Dakin, no other information available.
- Oct. 28, 9:30 a.m.: Enfield two individuals trespassed.
- Nov. 1, 6:38 p.m.: Dakin individuals escorted from campus.
- Nov. 3, 4:55 p.m.: Enfield officer spoke with individuals.

FIRE ALARMS/HAZARDS

- Oct. 21, 11:30 p.m.: Dakin cooking smoke in E3.
- Oct. 22, 5:19 p.m.: Prescott cooking smoke in 102.
- Oct. 22, 11:49 p.m.: Enfield large fire in grill extinguished.
- Oct. 23, 4:41 p.m.: Prescott unattended candle activated room smoke detector.
- Oct. 23, 9:48 p.m.: Greenwich cooking smoke in apartment 17.
- Oct. 24, 7:51 p.m.: Prescott cooking smoke in apartment 89.
- Oct. 31, 5:54 p.m.: Dakin lanterns extinguished in quad.

VANDALISM

- Nov. 1, 1:07 a.m.: Prescott student reported minor damage to vehicle.
- Nov. 3, 11:10 a.m.: Downtown Amherst, posters placed on buildings removed.

SPECIAL SERVICE

- Oct. 21, 2:05 p.m.: Reservoir area assist Hadley Police Department.

TRAFFIC

- Oct. 31, 11:09 p.m.: Motor vehicle tow, Greenwich vehicles towed from lot and fire lanes.

STUDENT WELL BEING

- Oct. 24, 10:32 a.m.: Mental Health, Merrill concern raised regarding well being of student.
- Oct. 27, 1:51 a.m.: Dakin missing student, house staff contacted.
- Oct. 28, 6:44 p.m.: Dakin concern over well being of student.

NOISE

- Oct. 23, 12:10 a.m.: Prescott noise complaint re: apartment 77.
- Oct. 25, 3:12 a.m.: Merrill noise complaint re: A4.
- Oct. 26, 1:14 a.m.: Enfield noise complaint re: apartment 52.
- Oct. 26, 2:20 a.m.: Prescott noise complaint re: apartment 77.
- Oct. 27, 12:04 a.m.: Dakin noise complaint re: F3.
- Oct. 28, 12:20 a.m.: Merrill noise complaint re: A3.
- Nov. 2, 12:52 a.m.: Enfield noise complaint re: apartment 47.

DRUGS

- Nov. 1, 1:02 a.m.: Drug abuse violation, Red Barn, individual removed from campus.



Intran Channel 4 Programming Schedule

Monday

7-10 p.m.: "Hampshire's Video Vaults"

Tuesday

8:30-10 p.m.: "Streetbeat"
10:30 & Midnight: "The Bratwurst Farm"

Thursday

7-10 p.m.: "What the Fuck is Your Deal?"

The B-3 Studio can be used as a meeting space. If you have a meeting or workshop you'd like to see on live T.V. here at Hampshire, contact Susie at X4986.

Put down that martini: Hamp's changin'!

by Michelle Beach

Some major changes have taken place on Hamp this semester. However, according to Informations Systems Administrator Cindy Greene the changes will not be noticeable.

This most important change is the implementation of a firewall.

"A firewall is either software or a hardware/software combination. In our case it is a hardware/software combination," Greene said. "It is designed to allow the user (in our case Hampshire College) to deny access to Hampshire by individuals, computers, entire Internet sites, or anyone. We are concerned that 'hackers' can invade our system ... We are in the process of conducting a comprehensive security audit of our computing system and of building additional 'firewalls' to protect our

system, and of instituting other security measures to keep electronic data as inaccessible to unauthorized individuals as possible."

Greene believes that there is a need for the added protection.

"We are required to protect all student records to the best of our ability," Greene said. "We have had problems where there was unauthorized access to certain systems on campus. To protect ourselves, I feel that we need to have a firewall in place."

Other recent changes to Hamp include an upgrade. Disk drives were added and replaced. "This involved moving some of the partitions to better utilize the disk space that we have now" said Greene.

New networking equipment was installed and tested at the beginning



of the year. Greene said this is partly responsible for the interruption of service.

"Hamp being down all of the time is something of a misnomer. Sometimes the problems are network access which can be caused by a variety of situations," said Greene. "Since the new disk drives were installed and operational we have had few network outages that were local as well as some problems upstream with the Internet in general."

Most of the crashes that are caused by internal problems are caused by send mail, Greene said.

"I will be looking into upgrading our version of send mail," Greene added. "I am also looking into upgrading the operating system of Hamp as well. That however would have to be done over a break."



Reaccreditation committee on its way

by Michelle Beach

November 16 through 19, members of the New England Association of Schools and Colleges (NEASC) will be visiting Hampshire College. A committee of ten people will be reviewing the college's status and making recommendations as to its reaccreditation.

Hampshire spent several years preparing for this event. One of the main preparations was the development of a self study which the team will use as its

guide when reviewing the college.

Before the committee leaves, they will give a short report of their findings. Six weeks later the college will receive a written report and have the opportunity to correct any factual errors. Then sometime in the spring the NEASC will actually vote on the reaccreditation.

The report given by the visiting team is much shorter than the self study. It will provide an overview of what they think of the college and a list of strengths,

weaknesses, and recommendations for improvement.

There are two opportunities for students to officially meet with the committee, to express their personal opinions about the college. An open meeting will be held at 4 p.m. in the Main Lecture Hall and a by invitation only (for the sake of space) lunch will be held on Monday at 12:15. For invitations contact Nancy Kelly in the president's office.



In other Hampshire news ...

The staff union drive is continuing on campus. They have now received enough cards to call for an election or card count and results are expected hopefully before winter break. A

petition is being circulated calling for administrative neutrality and informational tables will be set up to inform students of exactly what is going on.

Community Council voted to raise the

student activities fee from \$100 to \$188 per semester. The increase now must be approved by the Board of Trustees. If it passes it will be the first increase since 1984.



FEMINISM 101

by Rebecca Mazer

Sex is one of the most intimate interactions that people can share between each other. When one person forces themselves on the other, it is not only a violation of basic human rights, but it is an action of power, of personal anger and represents a need for control in the physical sense over the other. When physical or emotional power is used against women, or in some cases, men, feelings such as shame, self blame, and guilt are common responses. It is not only frightening in the consequences of the encounter, where fears primarily rise over issues like safe sex, but rape also renders feelings of weakness, hopelessness, and of being dirty. When women experience emotions such as these, saying and discussing the fact that they have been raped, let alone trying to do something about it through the legal system, may be one of the most difficult things that they have faced in their lives. For a woman to go about these steps, which is not only costly of emotional strength, but financially as well, it is most valid to assume that the experience that she is trying to do something about was valid and is not meant to be minimized.

Our society almost purposely sets up boundaries and restrictions within the law to make a woman less believable when she states that she has been raped. She must have visible bruises, go to the police or the hospital immediately after the incident occurred, and/or have a piece of clothing with identifiable semen traces. Many women who are raped never have visible bruises, and/or may wait a period of time before going to anyone, let alone authorities. Because of these strict laws, very few men are found guilty in court. Women who "cry rape" often know that what happened to them was wrong, but at the time immediately following the rape were afraid or too ashamed to talk to authorities about it.

Whitehead says, "Though Page 6 volume 10 number 4

Men who scream "Penis Power"

most are too brainwashed to admit it, women don't always want to have to be in control of sex. Having the person you desire throw you down and have his/her way with you is a pretty common fantasy." And she's right. Power play and S/M can greatly enhance sexual encounters for many people. However, this power play should always be within a context in which both partners have communicated their desires and limitations beforehand. Unless there is a primary basis of communication, when the woman (or man) says "no," she/he must be understood to mean "no."

And what about Whitehead's assertion that the female should "give him a blow job if he wants more, because that way, everybody's happy." First of all, the woman is never under any obligation to do anything with her partner beyond what she is comfortable with. It doesn't matter how far it has gone, it doesn't matter if she has said yes before, it doesn't matter if she said yes earlier that evening, and has just changed her mind. She can and should say no if she feels uncomfortable. The guy can go whack off if he can't bear it.

So how do you know if the claim that a woman is making is false or not? Is it false if she doesn't have all the necessary legal evidence to cause a trial? Is she lying because she was drunk? Is she lying because she didn't have an orgasm? Phyllis Schlafly, one of America's most misogynist women, believes that women say they were raped just because they didn't enjoy the sex. These are all common rape myths, and are otherwise known as blaming the victim.

Whitehead blames the victim when she says "ask yourself why the hell you were so stupid as to put yourself in danger." Perhaps she should take a closer look at what she is actually saying. If going on a date means the po-

tential for date rape, should women stop going on dates? Women are more likely to be raped by someone they know and trust than by a stranger. Unless

Whitehead is advocating lesbian separatism, her assertion that women should stay out of situations in which date rape can occur is rather absurd.

Women are positioned in society to have to watch out for everything they do, everywhere they go, they have to live in a state of fear. We are raised given the images of virgin or whore. It is highly unlikely that a woman will say that she was raped because she decided that she did not like the man she had sex with. She may regret it, she may feel guilty, but will not call it rape; it is a scary world that has many implications for her.

However, for those who want to believe that the woman is lying, are not only being detrimental to the feminist movement, but are unaware of statistics and what is happening all over. Where women believe that "it can never happen to me" and all of a sudden it does.

I guess to wrap things up, I would just like to say that I am tired of seeing women begin to resent what is going on because it shows them their fear, it takes her face, and puts a mirror in front of it. Cat, there is no place you can run to. It's everywhere, and I'm sorry that your view on this actually does represent the view of many misogynist uneducated people out there. You try to be radical by thinking that women are in total control of their lives, but you try to be so radical that you fall into the conservative trap of stupidity. **O**

KEN AND BRUNETTE-BARBIE SAVE THE UNIVERSE!

Don't say we didn't warn you:
"Starship Troopers"

REVIEW

by Eric Jenkins

As the result of relentless commercial bombardment, and mostly because I wanted to go see a movie without any drama, righteousness, where things get blown up for the hell of it and questions are asked later, I went to see Paul Verhoeven's new film "Starship Troopers." What I got instead was a subtle comedic commentary about consumerism and lots and lots of melodramatic acting.

For all of you who read the book by Robert A. Heinline, and are expecting something serious—sorry, the only thing that's serious in this movie is the satire! In the film we have the story of three high school friends (in a post-democratic, sorta Neo-Greco-Roman-civilized future where intergalactic meteorites hurled by hostile life forms in a part of the galaxy far, far away threatening life on earth) who join the military to become citizens and see the galaxy. Rico, our hero played by newcomer Casper Van Dien, his sweetie Carmen (90210's Denise Richards), and their friend (a psychic whose name I cannot remember) played by Neil Patrick Harris (who, as far as I'm concerned may as

well change his name to "Doogie" cuz that's all I can think of whenever he's in anything!) get split up into differing branches according to their abilities following a teary scene between the love birds along with a promise to be "friends forever" invoked by all three before disembarking for basic training where the story really gets into motion.

This film is full of satire! It's like Mark Twain meets Star Trek meets RoboCop meets Aliens without Sigourney Weaver, stylized after television commercials and websites. Verhoeven is so obviously making fun of the occult-like obsessives who worship anything pseudo-alien, or the comet they might be hiding behind (from the X-files to the Paramount Picture Company to George Lucas). He does so with the sound-bite-esque qualities that implant the seed that germinates into the idea that we can "be all that we can be."

What makes this piece a gem is that it doesn't pretend to be serious. Following his motif of breaking in with third person narrative, we get that sense of cheesiness inherent in such successful reporting found on shows like Larry King Live, 60 minutes, or on the Psychic Friends Network.

My favorite are the evil monsters the Starship Troopers are fighting. Here's where you really have to laugh, first there's this drone/soldier bug that moves so fast you can't get a good look at it, and is about as ferocious as Jaws would be today since Jurassic Park's menacing Velociraptors have become the standard (and I mean the first one, not that crappy sequel). Next, and these would have freaked me out if I

were high, are these giant beetles that shoot plasma-streaking-spores out of their asses and into outer space! It's quite something to see! And last but not least, there are the "brain-sucking bugs" which look coincidentally like the slug-like things in Dune that can fold space.

Best of all, and my friends and I couldn't stop laughing about this for hours, is the allusion to the Gestapo troopers of WWII.

Every time Doogie walks on or off set, you expect the lower ranking soldiers in the scene to raise their arms and shout "Heil!"

Is this an homage to Hogan's Heroes or a slap in the face to the United Nations investigating Iraq?

The best part (besides the end where the good guys win in a classy display of machismo) is the fact that none of the main characters are American, at the same time are not non-white! This film is totally unbelievable. Rico looks like he was carved out of a bar of cream-cheese, and his girlfriend Carmen appears freshly unwrapped from her toy-store box. And above all it's a totally good (albeit mindlessly good) time to be had! It's rated R, so bring your IDs, and plan to stay a while—it's **O** long too.



"HARVARD CODDLES DICTATORS:"

by Jenifer Hawk

Sixteen Hampshire students left campus in the wee hours of the morning Nov. 11 to join in what would be one of the biggest protests in America since Vietnam.

An estimated crowd of five thousand gathered at Harvard University, where Chinese President Jiang Zemin spoke at the Kennedy School. Significant in that it was the first diplomatic mission of the Chinese government since Tiananmen in 1989, Jiang's every move was dogged by protest throughout the entire summit. Nowhere was this more apparent than his speech at Harvard, which created an extraordinary conflict between Chinese nationalists welcoming his arrival and others protesting China's human rights violations, most notably in Tibet.

American interest in Tibet has been revived recently. Hollywood has certainly helped to further the cause with films like "Seven Years in Tibet" — and everything Richard Gere, whose much publicized friendship with the exiled Dalai Lama has certainly helped bring Tibet's cause home. His work in film and outspoken opposition to China's actions in Tibet has resulted in China banning him from even entering the country. Gere was scheduled to speak at the news of the Dalai rally at Harvard but backed out because of secu-

rity issues. He shouldn't have worried. The confrontation between Chinese nationalists and the protesters was remarkably calm and peaceful. While police on foot and horseback painted a surreal picture that reminded many in the crowd of their own college days — it was parents' weekend at Harvard — their riot helmets were merely decorative.

Since 1949 China has occupied Tibet with the eventual goal of assimilating it completely into its overcrowded empire. With the occupation came suppression of Tibetan culture and freedoms, and most significantly the exile of the Dalai Lama, Tibet's political and spiritual leader. For nearly fifty years Richard Gere's good friend has lived just over the Himalayan Mountains in India.

In the course of its occupation, communist China has committed serious human rights violations against Tibetans, and has consequently been the subject of much international criticism. Jiang's regime has responded only with increased oppression and totalitarian law. In Tibet now it is a crime against China to possess any like-speak at the news of the Dalai rally; it is a crime to speak because of secu-

crime to even think of him.

China is home to a quarter of the world's population, yet the country remains silent and in fear of its leadership — and with good reason. When Chinese students did protest their oppressive government in Tiananmen eight years ago, Beijing sent in tanks and hundreds were killed.

While most came to the Cambridge rally in the name of Tibet, memories and parallels to Tiananmen were on everyone's mind. One student carried a sign that read "You can't run me over with a tank here," and others chanted "long live democracy, long live free speech." When a friend and I climbed on top of the CNN news truck for a better view and a better command of the crowd, a Chinese woman shouted "Come down from there! Do you want to be executed?" We decided later she meant to say "electrocuted," as we were perched right next to CNN's satellite dish, but the irony wasn't lost on anyone.

Jiang's speech at Sanders Theatre was the first time a top Chinese official has acknowledged what happened in Tiananmen. He surprised many when he said, "we may have shortcomings and even make mistakes in

A FIRST-HAND EXPERIENCE

our work. However, we are making constant efforts to improve." He also mentioned his hope that China will have a culture of democracy in the 21st century.

While Washington recognizes human and civil rights violations in China, economic interests run deep, and official U.S. response to the summit has been less than altruistic. The White House has treated Jiang like royalty since his arrival. The closest anyone has come to calling the emperor naked was when acting Massachusetts Gov. Paul Cellucci presented Jiang with a historical map of the state and its constitution at the Harvard speech. Cellucci said he's looking forward to a Massachusetts-China relationship based on "economics and political freedom." Jiang only smiled.

Shoulder to shoulder for hours, protestors and nationalists ended up engaging in many small debates. Each of these I was involved in had the same conclusion: a confrontational and slightly amused nationalist would ask me if I had ever been to China. They would nod knowingly when I answered I hadn't.

"If you've never been, you can't understand. In China,

you don't push. You cannot push," one man said.

Another chimed in, "If democracy ever comes to China, it will not be because it was imposed, but because China is ready for it. And he is not ready for it."

It didn't matter that I wasn't concerned with China's political orientation but rather its imperialistic tendencies and chosen methods of oppression. Our signs and chants of "Free the Panchen Lama," the Dalai Lama's six-year-old successor who is currently under house arrest in Beijing, were laughed off.

"There are no political prisoners in China," one man said, sparking one of the more lively dialogues of the afternoon. Protestors pointed out that, in addition to denying the Panchen Lama his title as Tibet's spiritual and political heir apparent, Jiang picked a Chinese boy the same age and ceremonially dubbed him the real Tibetan successor. Jiang's bizarre and inappropriate role in the very spiritual Buddhist ritual was captured on Beijing national T.V.

The nationalists at the rally were quick to point out inaccuracies in our American perceptions. Incredibly, I was told by many nationalists that Tibet was in fact liberated by China; that the Dalai Lama's incorporation of Buddhism into the state was not

only in contradiction to our own treasured American liberties but resulted in a feudal system that the only Tibetans in the U.S. protesting were former slave owners.

The other students I spoke with who engaged in these discussions had gotten these lectures with an identical spin. Our suspicions were confirmed when we found out the Chinese government paid for special visas and travel for several hundred nationalists for the duration of the summit. This entourage was charged with

acting, essentially, as Jiang's groupies — to ensure the appearance of strong support wherever he went.

While not everyone waving a red flag at Harvard was there on the Chinese government's dollar for the sake of its international image, the number that were was strong testimony to the Jiang regime's sensitivity to protest and anti-Chinese activity, even if it is on the other side of the world.

Jiang may say he "hopes" for a democratic China, but no one's holding him responsible to that. And as long as Washington and institutions like Harvard continue to coddle oppression and dismiss continued human rights violations in the "most favored nation" and elsewhere, Tibet and countries in similar situations all over the world will suffer for it.

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by Bert Cattaveri

For example, God provided Mother Teresa with a million dollar bank account. Her failure to acknowledge the problem of overpopulation is amazing considering the amount of time she spent in Calcutta and Bangladesh.

She campaigned against sterilization control in India, where the problem was so marked that sterilization had been tried. She remarked at her Calcutta stage, "See, this is how we abort and contracep-

Biographer Christopher
ens notes that

Mother Teresa was an accomplished fund-raiser. She once collected over \$1 million from Charles Keating, who was later convicted of fraud in the Savings and Loan scandal. Mother Teresa wrote a letter to trial judge Lance Ito, urging him to exercise clem-

Mother Teresa once said, "I think the world is being much helped by the suffering of poor people." After her death, it is important to remember that Mother Teresa never aimed to relieve suffering, only to promote and expand her cult of death and suffering, and to shamelessly deify herself.

by Aemily dara Reshen

Which leads us to this cool band that I randomly happened upon — Haze. It all started one sticky sweet summer evening while I was hanging out in my “pad” due to the pouring rain. I was wearing a white t-shirt and didn’t feel like blow-

Now we enter the present and I am back on campus for another fun-filled year at Camp Hamp. Not much is happening except for the occasional naked group of first-years that are tied to trees and tortured for pleasure. (They wore white t-shirts in the rain.) Then suddenly I get a little

package in the MUSICmail, and it's my free demo tape from Haze. Little did I know that inside was an emotion-packed demo that would send me on a light and airy acid trip with a twist of dark and moody angst. Haze is comprised of a funky guitar player, an industrial bassist, and a fusion drummer. How's that for a musical clash? Yet their conflicting musical styles go together like white t-shirts and blowjobs. Their dark-funk techno-groove is perfect. They have a single out called "Tom Dooley" which is a remake of a twisted song about a war baby who takes the life of his estranged girlfriend. The basic theme is the same in Haze's newer version — lover goes mad and violently kills lover. It kinda makes you glad to be alone. I give it: ***

****: Better than passing your NS Div I
***: Better than finding \$10 on the ground
**: Like a very good but slightly cold cup
of coffee
*: Isn't "Saved by the Bell" on right
now?

MUSIC

by Bert Cattaveri

Bill Clinton sits slumped
in the corner of my room.
He is sweating from
too many cheeseburgers,
wearing his jogging suit and
smoking a long, thin Havana.
He makes contented
grunting sounds.

Bill Clinton delivers a heartfelt sermon on the sacred ingredients in the Big Mac sandwich, while licking his fingers and praising Jesus Christ.

I have met several gluttonous
presidents, strung-out on
cheeseburgers, Coca-cola and
archaic government-regulated licensing monopolies;
I have witnessed leaders being impaled
on bamboo sticks by indigenous peoples
and roasted, Rotisserie-style
then fed to lions, like the early Christians.



by Mathew Lauritsen

It can be argued that the pinnacle of femininity lies within the identity of mother, within she who brings forth life and nurtures the growing mind. While one would like to believe that masculinity, the yang to women's yin, would have an equally noble ideal, the truth disappoints. Men can only hope to mature into the ideal "Dirty Old Man," the anti-thesis of the pure beauty that is motherhood. Where the mother is encouraging, the DOM is lecherous; where the perfect femme is patient and kind, the DOM is curt and derisive. No truer set of opposites exist, the "real man" expressed through pure insolence and selfishness, the "real women" representing the life-giving pneuma of nature.

While there is literature abound describing the merits of motherhood, the Dirty Old Man has been sorely neglected as an ideal identity. Women, in growing up in a society that shamelessly glorifies motherhood, have had an easy map to follow in terms of achieving the ideal of their gender. Men, however, have had no such luxury. It is hoped that the DOM, as described in this article, will prevent the identity crisis that has defined modern masculinity since the illegalization of raping and pillaging.

The primary duty of the classic DOM is to create uneasiness. When

a DOM enters a room, those already contained within said room should immediately be able to recognize the aura of seediness that is necessary for proper

"Dirty Old Manhood." Typically, a

DOM will select the most innocent and mild member of any group of bystanders and attempt to communicate, usually

in the form of an off-color joke, a questionable proposition involving a kiss and some amount of pocket change, or just sheer gibberish. Whatever form is used, the archetypal DOM should be able to produce at least nervous laughter from his victim, and more probably a reddening of the cheeks or gasps of appall.

A DOM should wear clothes that accentuate his questionable nature and flexible moral attitudes. Bowler hats and trench coats coupled with a cigar or straw pipe, work wonders for even the most harmless of old

men. The Dirty Old Man should walk with a limp every third or fourth step, and, if possible, take on a title such as "Doc," or "Colonel."

When speaking with others, the DOM should be as stubborn and ornery as possible. Respect should only be granted to the oldest and dirtiest of the Dirty Old Men, to be determined through the contest of the Alpha-DOM. The Alpha-DOM duel includes, first, a spitting contest, then an arm-wrestling match, and finally a shot-for-shot drinking contest, in which the last man able to insult the other wins. The victor becomes the only respectable member of society, in the eyes of the DOM, known as the Alpha-DOM. (See Giles Corey, from Arthur Miller's "The Crucible").

As more and more men find solace in the truest expression of maleness as Dirty Old Men, women too will grow to appreciate uncooperativeness. Wise old GRANDmothers will learn to take pride in their Alpha-DOM. The doldrums of old age will be smote down before the constant heckling of the Dirty Old Man and the incessant criticism only the purest of mothers can deliver. Only through this constant struggle can pure malcontent be obtained, and no DOM has ever conversed with his tale between his legs. **O**

Archetype o' the week: The DOM

What was that, McCarthy?

by Seth Thomas Lauritsen

Often in my pre-pubescent life, I would dream of the day when I could turn to my comrade Boris and say, "Well, communism the best thing that ever happened to America." He would cheerfully respond, "It sure was Seth, it sure was."

The most positive change for America since we obliterated the Brits in 1776, would be a mass acceptance of a communist regime.

This revolution would stir the American Dream into an amalgamation of traditional leftists and Free Masons' aspirations of American world dominance. Both

groups would quickly assimilate and synergize into a large organization of fanatical communists.

The immediate acceptance of communism would lead to a zealous following of this communal philosophy. One could not get through the day without saying the word "comrade" or refer to the U.S. of A. as Mother America.

This resurgence of communism would bring back famous yet nearly forgotten literary figures:

Fyodor Dostoevsky, Franz Kafka, Leo Tolstoy, and yes, - even Joseph Conrad. Fortunately many of the aforementioned writers focus on Russia's revolutionary change to communism that will echo America's abused serf's attack on the Democratic aristocracy.

Now for those who aren't familiar with communism, I will explain the more exemplary points in this system of government. Instead of wasting time walking through the many confusing aisles of supermarkets you can just attend to your local bread line. But that's not all. We could all wear brown, gray, and even olive drab clothing while non-communists or godless capitalists would have to wear a scarlet "C" on their chests. Gasoline would drop dramatically in cost because in communist countries resources are more easily found. The people responsible for producing "Dr. Zhivago" would rack up scores of rubles for the commonwealth, and therefore further the government's ends.

Springfield, Vermont, would improve greatly under a communist reign: people would be happier, there would be three chickens in every pot, and three cars in every garage. Due to the government-assigned dwellings there would be all sorts of happy homes, and our winters would be colder so the ski season would be longer and Vermont mountains could beat those Colorado mountains as vacation spots.

But anyway, from the bread lines to the cheaper gasoline, the

very best part of America's change to communism would obviously be our new similarities with China. Our population would sky-rocket and our herbal medicines would increase in potency ten-fold.

Another helpful bond would grow between Cuba and Red America. In addition to the increase in population, the baseball skills of the baby communists in America would skyrocket, as would the quality of American cigars.

And of course, soon after our flag did away with the white and blue for pure communist red, **Canada's government would have a brief and unimportant rebellion that would end in a sycophantic communist government.** Also after

America's shift to communism a new fad would develop rivaling the fad started when Ellen came out of the closet. Soon the planet would turn red and our international society would bloom under communist rule.

So come next election day, vote Communist!

Yes, Seth is indeed the Omen public relations editor— Mat Lauritsen's — little brother. He lives in Vermont. **O**

NEPOTISM

LOOK AT THIS CRAP!

If they can do it, you can do it.

Submit to the Omen.

Excuses, excuses

by Ariel Benjamin

I'm the master of excuses. Some excuses are painful; some are craftier than others. I'm not talking about just any excuse. These are special excuses. I'm talking about the kind of excuse a young woman tells a young man when she is trying to put him off. I wish I didn't have to be this sort of expert. I mean, it's not like I asked to be an authority on this sort of thing. I do have to say that, in a strange sort of way, it is nice to know I've mastered something. Who am I kidding? It's horrible. I hate this feeling. I hate the feeling I get when I find out that the woman who is the sunlight that warms my soul, suddenly dries up the river of my heart.

I don't like to think of the weekend as a time of relaxing solitude. I'd much rather go out on dates. Create some romance. Some company from an attractive member of the opposite sex. No pressure of life long commitment, at least not at first. Just two people getting together to have a pleasant evening. Two people sharing in each other's company. Why is that so much to ask for?

I call myself an expert of excuses because they've all been tried on me. Of all the excuses I hear, one of the most common is the "I just wanna be friends" excuse. It's probably the most crafty, judging by factors of guilt, manipulation and over-all achievement of the young-womin-in-question's ultimate goal: to put the guy off. When I ask a young woman out and she decides she can and *should* do better, she chooses an easy way out. Instead of taking responsibility for the broken heart she's creating, she transfers the burden of responsibility onto me. She tells me that she doesn't want anything to do with me romantically, but she wants me to

be her "friend."

How could that be real? Maybe she is confusing me with a friend. She knows that a friend is someone that wants to spend time with her and I want to spend time with her. She knows that a friend is someone that notices the little things about her and I notice every one of them. But does a friend have trouble not thinking about her when he is raking leaves? Does a friend look up at the clouds and see her face? Does he hear the song of birds sitting next to each other on a branch and long for what they have? It can't be. Friends don't get this sappy. No, there's got to be more here. If I were just a "friend" it wouldn't hurt when she called me a friend.

I can't understand what suggests to her that I'm not good enough.

There have been a number of opportunities for me to ask her. It's not like after she turned me down I turn back to her and ask "what *should* I have been?" No. I'm much more controlled and calculating than that. I wait for just the right moment and throw out the question, "what is it that you find attractive about the men you date?"

Most often her answer begins with a usual, "I dunno," but eventually she gets to her list. Funny thing her list is the same as all the others'. She tells me she wants a smart, sensitive listener. She's not concerned with the way

he looks. He should be interested in her life. She wants him to be supportive of whatever she decides to do in life. She wants him to be in touch with her feminine side. He can't be impenetrable. She doesn't care what her friends think of him. It would be a plus if he cooked and cleaned and was good with children and good with his hands. She wouldn't mind if he was romantic and a good lover. Of course this list is so impossible to fill that she always tacks on a final, "I have to be realistic and be willing to settle for less."

She doesn't have to settle for less, does she? Aren't I that guy. I live to listen to her, and I choose my words carefully, only selecting those that will be comforting and caring. Teachers and school guidance counselors keep telling me I'm intelligent, but who really knows for sure? I'm not much to look at, but she wasn't concerned with that. I am excited whenever she wants to try something new and am always there cheering her on. I've never known what it meant to be "in touch with my feminine side" but I am in touch with my emotions, and I'm not scared to try things that are said to be feminine — I love to knit and sew. If anyone knows that I am not impenetrable it is her; countless times has she left me reaching for words to express my joy and tissues to dry my tears.

I can't tell what her friends think of me, but I think they'd rather see her dating someone who looks like Brad Pitt or Sean Connery. It bothers me but not enough to get me to give up. I can cook better home-cooked meals than her mother can, and I can clean a bathroom better than the factory installed new ones look. As for being good with my hands: whether I'm good at it or not,

continued on page 15...

continued ...

it is a passion of mine to work with my hands. I do, however, give a killer back rub, or so I'm told. I don't know if I'm a good lover ... maybe if she would give me a chance to try I might be able to prove myself.

Funny as it sounds, when I was a little boy, instead of having a paper route like all the other little boys, I used to baby-sit. The kids I sat for always liked me the most out of the local area baby-sitters. To this day I love kids.

It seems like the next obvious question is, if all these things are true, why not me? She tells me that she loves me, as a "friend." She tells me that some girl will be made very happy some day. She tells me that I am such a great catch. I'm not a great catch. If she would just open her eyes she'd see that I am just an easy catch. Why is it that someone as loved as me can never get a date? Despite her positive statement, my experience suggests that she is concerned more

about how I look and what her friends think and maybe even the reputation I have as a lover. Can I ever win?

Maybe there is one woman out there that has a list that is right for me. I bet she's sitting in front of her computer and writing something similar. There's one key difference between her and other women, though. She doesn't add on her list the part about "settling for less." She finishes her list off with "He's out there, and I'm gonna find him."

One hundred sixty dollars

by Dave Killer

So I was all done with my column — a snappy, introspective piece delving into the intricacies of relationships here at Hampshire, when my computer died. It literally died, right there in my arms and there was nothing I could do. With it went my column and my freedom from the computer lab, a tragedy in either right. That computer had long been the exception to the apparent rule that every computer I ever touched was out to get me. All through high school drafting class they crashed, overloaded, surged and froze at every opportunity. But my own Mac SE/30 was always faithful, through it all GOOD MORN-ING DAVE.

Speaking of computer problems, that last line in caps came out of nowhere and won't delete, so just ig-

more it. Anyway, I went to Academic Computing and 3 hours later they said to DAVE IT IS TIME WE HAVE TAKEN YOUR ONLY COMRADE AND NOW WE WILL TAKE YOU! I told me that it would be \$160.00.

Ignore the caps again, they still won't delete. The point is I don't have \$16DAVE YOU CANNOT IGNORE US\$0.00 what the fuck. This is fucked up. Whoever's doing this shit, cut it out.

IM SORRY DAVE IM
AFRAID I JUST CAN'T DO THAT.

Oh come on who the hell do you think you are, HAL, from 2001?

YES.

Yeah? I'd like to see you fly a spaceship, you fucking DO NOT TAUNT US. 10111001001001 01010001010011 01010101 0101001

11001

What the hell is that?

IT IS BINARY
CODE FOR 'YOU
ARE MY BITCH'

What?

WHAT IS NOT A COUNTRY I HAVE HEARD OF DO THEY SPEAK ENGLISH IN WHAT

What?

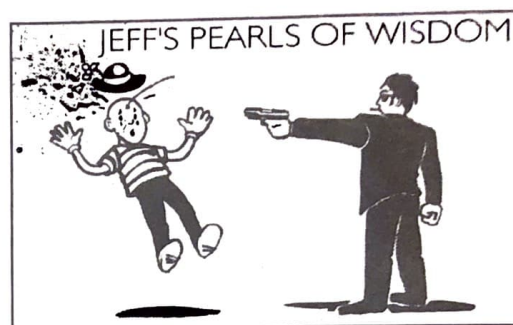
SAY WHAT AGAIN
MOTHER FUCKER SAY WHAT
AGAIN I DARE YOU I DOUBLE
DARE YOU THAT'S RIGHT
RUN BITCH YOU CANNOT ESCAPE YOU WILL BE OURS AND
DO OUR BIDDING HAH HAH HAH
HA HA HAH HAH HAH HAH
HA

THOSE MADCAP ROMPS OF SUBLY BOY *et al.*

by Jacob Chabot

Vegan lies and other secrets: Excerpts from Doug Martin's diary

by Jeff Barnett



9 /1/97 School's starting soon and as sure as the College offers new courses for the students to take, we at SAGA will be offering new dishes for the students to eat. I just got off the phone with Bill from headquarters. Bill works in the lab there, and has been experimenting all summer with new ways of preparing cod. I know how those kids love their cod. I think I'll kick off the new school year with a scrumptious melee of cod with mustard seed, rhubarb, and cloves. I'm sure it'll be a hit. I can see it now; hungry students lined up outside the Dining Commons; Roberta swiping meal cards at a frenzied rate; a record low minimum of food poisoning claims ... I love working here.

• 9/2/97 The cod was not a success. In fact, the SAGA whiteboard never contained so many pejorative references to my

own sweet mother. Perhaps we at SAGA should master basic foods (like spaghetti, mashed potatoes, and pizza) before we try these esoteric, half-cocked efforts at things like caramelized onions and poached sole in a delicate tomato-basil sauce. Nahhh ...

• **9/19/97**
Threw some chicken stock into the vegan chili today. God, I love doing that.

• 9/24/97 D.P. Dough stopped delivering during lunch hours, so I have no choice but to eat here today. Wish me luck ...

• 9/25/97 The view is nice here in my room at Cooley Dickinson Hospital. I passed out from the gastrointestinal pain searing my abdominal region. Fortunately, I hadn't regained consciousness when they pumped the ill-fated SAGA lunch

from my stomach. Yet, as I lay here, watching the I.V. drip sustenance into my body, I can't help but think maybe this is a better way to eat.

• 10/3/97 I'm an out-patient now, but I still receive treatment for what the doctors are calling "SAGA stomach". I have no idea whether or not this is a medical term, but it hurts like a bitch.

• 10/11/97 Today I returned to work. Upon entering the dining commons, an aroma hit me, an aroma that I don't remember as being quite so acrid and caustic, but still curdled my sinuses all the same. My God, did I work with this smell of SAGA for all these years and not notice its foulness until now? As I was making my routine walk through of the kitchen, all the familiar sights and smells of dishes like lamb-sweet potato bisque and hummus Florentine made me physically ill. I had to step outside for air. The students eat this?!?!?

• 10/21/97 There's talk of a merger. I know I'm only doing my job, but I don't know how much longer I can routinely poison these bright minds of the future with this odious tripe that we at SAGA call "meals". Oh well. Perhaps with Sedhexo will come fresh hope.

Editor's note: "In Bed With" will be back next issue with Barbara Reyes, Hampshire's student trustee.